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TOWARD THE UNSET.

All day she sat in silence there, Beside the lowly cottage door, In her old rocking chair, Counting the rainy southern air, That floated past her evermore.

She was a picture fair to see, With snowy cap and velvet band, And fingers moving busily, Her knitting-needles glancing free, Across the stocking in her hand.

And as the autumn day went by, A thousand thoughts would slowly fleet Across her brow; and in her eye, Though gone its light and brilliancy, Waken a quiet brightness sweet.

And recollections numberless; Perchance not wholly glad they be, But touched with that sweet peacefulness, With which the Lord of heaven bestows The souls he loves most tenderly.

And she would wipe away the tear, That very softly filled her eye, And wandered gently, bright and clear, On to her wrinkled cheek, and there Rested in soft tranquillity.

Yes, resting evermore that He Who calms His children when they weep, Will shut at last most blessing free, The measure of His blessing tree, By giving his beloved sleep.

—The Quiver.



THE AMERICA CUP.

Prize Won By the "America" in England, and for which the British Yacht "Genesta" is racing the "Yankee Yacht" "Puritan."

The year 1851 is memorable in the history of American sport, for it was then that the "America" easily defeated a fleet of English yachts, at Cowes, Isle of Wight, and thereby won the One Hundred Guinea Cup of the Royal Yacht Squadron. From the name of the winner the cup has been known best as the America Cup. It is not a thing of beauty, but the New York Yacht Club has no more interesting possession, and the "Priscilla" and the "Puritan" have been built expressly to defend it against the "Genesta." After a fair and adequate trial the Yankee boat was selected of these two, as the yacht more likely than the other, to succeed against the stranger. Every-where throughout the country the greatest interest is manifested in the international yacht race.

A close examination of the America Cup shows that it is of silver, about two feet high and weighs a hundred ounces approximately. It is variously inscribed on medallion spaces. The first inscription is as follows: "One Hundred Guinea Cup, won August 22, 1851, at Cowes, England, by yacht 'America,' at the Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta, open to all nations beating," and then follows the names of all the vessels which started in the race of 1851. On the next medallion is engraved "Schooner America, 170 tons, Commodore John C. Stevens; built by George Steers, New York, 1851." On the other spaces are inscriptions recording the results of the races for the possession of the cup, all of which thus far have resulted in its retention by America.

From the time of its being won until July 8, 1857, the America Cup was kept by the owners of the "America." On this date they gave it to the New York Yacht Club, to be used as a challenge cup. It was thus owned until December 15, 1882, when the cup was returned to its donor, and not until recently was it re-accepted as a challenge cup by the New York Yacht Club.

To briefly recall the various attempts which have been made to recover the cup into English possession is interesting and gratifying to national pride. On August 8, 1870, the "Cambria," owned by Mr. James Ashbury, of

England, contended unsuccessfully for the America Cup. Mr. Ashbury tried again with the "Livonia," a new yacht, and was again defeated. In August, 1876, the "Countess of Dufferin" came from Canada to win the Cup, but went home without it. So did the "Atlanta," also a Canadian yacht, in 1881. The "Genesta" seems to be a more formidable competitor than any of her unfortunate predecessors. She is the property of Sir Richard Sutton. During last season she won six races out of thirty-four, and was not placed seventeen times. Our "Puritan" was built at Boston, after designs by Mr. Edward Burgess. It is generally believed that Mr. Sutton will successfully defend American possession of the America Cup. It is interesting to note that the old "America" is still staunch and making good time, when Ben Butler, her present owner, pleases to show what she can do.

A Deep Scheme.

There lived for some years in a Brooklyn, N. Y., boarding-house, a gentleman, his wife and their pretty daughter. He was a salesman in a Broadway dry-goods house, and his salary was three thousand dollars a year. He had saved ten thousand dollars in the course of thirty years of hard work. Last summer the wife and daughter went to Bridgehampton, Long Island, for a little recreation, and there met a young man from Chicago, who instantly fell completely in love with the young woman. He seemed to have money, and the father was sent for to come down and look him over. The man of business ascertained in half an hour that the youngster was the son of a rich merchant, who was rated among the millions by commercial agencies. Indeed, the Chicago merchant and his wife were at that moment at Bridgehampton. The Brooklyn man formulated a scheme and hurried to Brooklyn to put it into execution.

In that large city there are to be rented fully furnished mansions, in which are not only furniture, but bedding, tableware, silver service, china, lace curtains, piano and library. The very best of them come high, to be sure, but they are exceedingly sumptuous, and to live in them is to enjoy life as though you owned them. Our Broadway salesman at three thousand dollars a year hired one of these elegantly furnished houses for six months, paid two months' rent in advance, moved in and sent word to his wife and daughter to invite the Chicago people home with them. This was done, and the Chicago folks found their newly-made Brooklyn acquaintances living in one of Brooklyn's finest dwellings. The practiced eye of the Chicago merchant saw that he must require an income of at least fifteen thousand dollars a year to even live in such a house—more likely it would require twice that sum. The Brooklyn man evidently was very rich, and his daughter was doubtless well worth to be the wife of his son. They had a very pleasant visit. The young man pressed his suit. Through a vain show of policy and respect he was asked to come again in a few weeks and get his answer. He did so, and was accepted. The girl could not then be married too soon, and December the holidays there was a grand wedding in the mansion. There were a large number of Chicago guests, who congratulated the young man from Chicago on his good luck in getting so pretty a bride, and one apparently very successful wedding, and the bride is very happy presumably in her Chicago home, but the Brooklyn man's lease ran out on the middle of last month, and he is now back in the boarding-house, and is still selling goods in the Broadway house at three thousand dollars a year. Almost all of the ten thousand dollars he had saved is gone, too. But he has married his daughter to the son of a millionaire, and she has promised to take care of him.

During a cross-examination, a witness was asked where his father was. To which question, with a melancholy air he responded: "Dead sir—dropped off very suddenly." "How came he to drop off so suddenly?" was the next question. "Foul play, sir—the sheriff imposed on his suspicious nature, and getting him to go on a platform to look at a select audience, suddenly he knocked a small trap door out from under him, and in falling he got entangled in a rope, from the effects of which he expired."

The Saloon-keeper's Business.

There are two callings in life for which we have heard a contempt about as strong as copperas and vinegar. They are body snatching and saloon keeping. And yet, if we were to choose between the two, we would prowl around the graveyards at night and steal dead bodies and sell them at ten dollars apiece, rather than steal men's souls at an installment from behind the bar of a saloon. The ghoul lays upon the dissecting table a body from which the soul has fled probably into endless purity. The saloon-keeper lays upon his counter a body inhabited by a soul, writhing under an appetite he has planted, and then dissects him body and soul. If he sees anything good in his subject, he cuts out that first. He tears out his God-given nobility, and throws that under the counter with a fiendish chuckle, and stamps on it with both feet. He plunges the knife to his heart, and watches his quivering. To his heart alone? No, no! To the hearts of his friends as well, to the heart of his wife, to the hearts of his children. When he has all the beautiful and good carved out of his victim, and nothing but depravity left, he looks at the pile of gold behind him and the penniless wretch before him, and then looks out from behind the screen as the procession passes to the potters' field.

The Advantages of Early Poverty.
 It is far from being always a disadvantage to young men to commence life in poverty. In fact the worst thing that can happen to a young man in college is to have a father or mother so injudicious as to keep him amply supplied with pocket money. It is fatal to all studious habits, and in the end generally fatal to good morals. This is equally the case with a young man in business, who is made to feel that his "salary is no object"—that a wealthy father's purse is always open to his most extravagant demands. Nothing develops a young man like fighting his own way in the world. Some spur of necessity; some bracing air of adverse surrounding is needful to most men, if they put forth their whole power. The rich men's heir, nursed and petted from infancy, and shielded from battling with the world, never fairly learns to stand erect and walk alone. If by any chance he is stripped of his inherited wealth, and has to learn to take and give hard knocks like others, he nearly always goes under in the struggle—at any rate he seldom regains by his own efforts the fortune he has lost.

Nearly all the wealthy and successful men of this country are poor men's sons. Nearly all the scholars, poets, orators, statesmen are poor men's sons. Wealth has its advantage, it is true, but after all, the son of a rich man begins his life with odds against him. The poor man's son has all the odds in his favor. He must work or starve. He has nothing to lose and everything to gain. The rich man's son has already social position and everything that money can give him. There is much less to strive for and indefinitely less inducement to strive.

Uncle Billy Charmed the Serpent.

Uncle Billy Adams was furnishing the music for a gathering at the residence of a well-known planter in Dooly County, given in honor of a visiting young lady from Augusta. The night was warm, and the windows were thrown open. Miss Alice, weary of dancing, noticed the bird cage hanging among the vines which grew over the veranda, the inmate of which was aroused to its sweetest strains of song by Uncle Billy's fiddle. Tapping her finger lightly upon the cage, Miss Alice felt the vinebuds playing about her hand. "My God!" exclaimed one of the dancers, as he looked toward the girl, "look there!" A shriek from Miss Alice, and she fell to the floor. As she fell, a huge snake was seen circling down her arm from the cage across her shoulders, and as she lay prostrate gathered itself in a huge coil about her bosom. With its mouth wide open, its fangs set, and pressing its head closely by the girl's cheek, the moment was one of intense excitement. The ominous rattle was heard, when Uncle Billy's fiddle gave forth one of its liveliest airs, and the reptile quickly crawled off, wriggling its way toward the music and out of the house. "I jes' knowed dat 'ud fetch um," said Uncle Billy, as he caressed his instrument, "dem creepsin' critters is mighty fond uv muzick." The reptile was followed and killed, when it was found to measure eight feet.

Young Lady at Boarding School.

At some of the French boarding schools in Paris, the girls are fed on weak soup, two or three degrees stronger than hot water; meat, from which nearly all the nourishment is extracted by boiling; coarse veal, watery carrots and gray, sour bread. The young lady who comes home after a very learned, but is pale and poor-looking, lacking vigor and health. Give her Brown's Iron Bitters—the best tonic in the world for young ladies with impoverished blood—and bring the roses into her cheeks.

A Lewiston physician's father when quite young was bitten by a vicious horse, the horse's teeth closing over his ear-lobe and taking out a small piece of the upper part. The mark of the wound, an ear skipped one generation and has appeared in the Lewiston physician's son, there being on the little fellow's ear the plain marking of the ear that showed years ago, upon his grandfather's ear.

A Response—The Golden Text—A Watermelon Scrape.

Editor Herald:

I notice in the last issue of the HERALD a little slang or slander from one "Schoolboy." "Schoolboy," if such he is, has a great deal to learn. School-boys sometimes know more than their teacher. Now I do not know who "Schoolboy" is, or his informant regarding this watermelon scrape. I do know that he only knew what was rumored concerning this scrape. He only heard one side of the story, but now I will give both sides. On the night of the 22d of August, 1, with others, attended a musical entertainment. As we returned, I and my cousin being very intimate with Wayne Paxton, and he with us, as the readers will see, stopped at his melon patch. Now I said he was intimate with me—I will explain: A few years ago I rented a farm in the "Free State of Butler" and was keeping house. Mr. Wayne Paxton, this saintly gentleman, this noble young man with his gun on the Sabbath—the Lord's Day—I say this Saint, Mr. Wayne, and a friend of his, went to my house, (in my absence) unbolted the door, went in, cooked and eat my provisions, slept on my bed. Did he do right? Yes. He knew it was the house of a neighbor boy—a school-mate and associate. He knew he was not stealing a grain of coffee, a spoonful of sugar, or an ounce of bacon. Still all this was used. When I learned of this I only regretted that I had not a more sumptuous fare for the boys. I did not go to church the Sabbath following and try to make the impression that he had been stealing, nor did I even think of presenting them to the grand jury, let alone make the threat that if they did not bow down to the acknowledgment of the veracity of my statement I would certainly present them. Circumstances alter cases. Now see what he did the Sabbath following my trespass, as that smart little "School-boy" would have it. He, Wayne, went to Liberty and tried to make the impression to my friends that I had been stealing his melons. Now "School-boy," if I trespass, was he not equally guilty in going into my house? Now, I, like the old man who tried to bring the boy from the apple tree with a turf and failed, have also failed by mild means to reconcile Mr. Wayne Paxton about his melons. Therefore I try the pen, the both sides may be heard. Now for the gun. This noble young man persists and insists, that he arrested us when full one hundred yards from that magnetic gun. Let the readers and friends who he told of this wonderful heroic feat, think how absurd. What a wonderful opinion he has of himself. A perfect Modoc, Captain Jack of a fellow. Now I say farther, on the night of this noted event I did not know that he even had a gun near his person. Now if the honorable gentleman would have taken the golden rule, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you," there would never have been any hard thoughts or trouble, and that smart little "School-boy" would not have his friends misrepresented as trespassers.

Now to make it plain to all, I will give the particulars of the eventful night. I did take the liberty to go into the patch, but did not pluck a melon. My cousin did pluck one—just one—worth, perhaps, 15 cents. As we entered the patch the dog barked and Wayne half-roared at the dog. I answered and walked direct to where he was on the style. I saw no gun, nor did I think of one. My idea was to make myself known, which I did. I told him where I had been and said to him "come help us eat the melon, some more of our crowd are coming on." He said, "No, go and eat it." What a lawyer he could be with just a little practice. We ate the melon at the mouth of the lane, some sixty yards from the style, and got on our horses and I rode home "happy as a big sunflower," thinking all was right. I heard no thought any more of it for a few days, then I understood he was terribly out of sorts about it. I rode over to Mr. Paxton's and we had a friendly talk about the melon. He said, several times, "let's drop it," to which I agreed. So when I started home, we went (Wayne and I) to the patch and ate make myself known. And so the second time I rode home thinking "all is well." After all this he continues his threats and slurs. Not only he, but "Schoolboy" must array me in the HERALD with his foul slanders. Hence this response.

R. C. TAYLOR.

Health in Dakota.

(Train Talk, in Chicago Herald.)

"Healthy!" exclaimed the passenger from Dakota, "healthy out our way! Should say it was. Nobody ever dies out there. We haven't got time to die. Now, just to show you how we do things, let me tell you. Two years ago I offered to give the town in which I live a beautiful block of lots for a cemetery and improve it. The citizens grabbed at the chance, and the result of my generosity was a popularity that sent me to the Legislature. Yes, sir, I was elected by a majority of 27 over Silas Upham. Small majority! Should say not—27 out of a total of 113 votes is enough for any modest man. Well, they accepted my offer and held a meeting and raised the money. Just to have everything in order I made a trust deed of the property, conditional upon the block being graded, turfed, fenced, sidewalked, sewerd, set with shade trees, and in all ways put to the use for which it was designed by the donor within one year from date. That was the language of the contract. What d'ye think of that for a speculation, eh?"

"I don't see where you made any thing out of it, unless it was the seat in the Legislature."

"The Legislature" he blurted. "I'm an honest man, I am, a public spirited citizen, and I never made more than \$900 in the Legislature besides my salary. But that block, just think of it. It's the prettiest piece of property in the Territory, and my residence is situated right in the midst of that nice little grove of trees, and—"

"But are there no graves there?"

"Nary a grave on the block, stranger. That was just the trouble. A few days before their year run out they tried to ring in the body of a pauper from the adjoining county, but they couldn't pay no such game on me. I went on to the other county and got a habes corpus out that dead chap and held him until the year was up. That's the advantage of living in a healthy country."

Too Obsolete to Comprehend.

(Exchange.)
 Two young ladies were overheard talking glibly and confidentially on a suburban train.

"Now, Mary," said one, "tell me why Charley and you quarreled?"

"Because he's a dunny; that's the reason. You know he's been coming to see me for years, and I could see just as plain as anybody else that he was head over heels in love with me, and I got real impatient, just as any girl would have done. A few nights before Christmas he called to see me, and before he went away I says—"

"'Charley, I want to make you a Christmas present, but I want to be sure it will suit you. It is something real nice, warm, useful and ornamental and will always stay with you.'"

"A scarf?" he says.

"No, not a scarf," I said, "though it might embrace you. It weighs nearly a hundred pounds, and I've heard you say you thought it very precious."

"Oh, I know!" he says. "A bicycle?"

"By this time I was nearly mad, but I made one more effort.

"'Not a bicycle,' I says, 'but it can walk, has a mouth, eyes, pretty hair and is very affectionate.'"

"Now I know," he said, and what do you think the dunny guessed that time? A Newfoundland dog! I was never so disgusted in my life and have not seen Charley since. He's treated me real mean, and now I say I'm gone and I just hate him. Oh, there he is now at the other end of the car! Ain't he sweet? I wish he would come and talk to us."

Tell Your Mother.

(Health and Happiness.)
 It is only when girls are known to conceal their doings from their mothers that they become targets for the shafts of scandal. Innocent faults are always condoned by kind mothers, who know that they were prone to mistakes when they were young, and a girl will not do anything very culpable if she is sure to keep no secrets from her mother. Many a woman now looks back upon her past life and sees that had she been compelled to tell her mother of all that occurred to her she would have escaped sin and sorrow. It is said that young girls talk too much about themselves, but it is far better to do that than to tell too little, and to harbor secrets which may lead to deplorable consequences. It is the little rift in the lute that spoils the music, and it is these little defects of character that lead to some of the greatest evils of life.

Clove Frying.

(Detroit Free Press.)

The other day a middle-aged man, who betrayed the fact that he was a stranger in the city, appeared at the Central Market and purchased and ate a dozen plums. These were followed by a dozen plums, and after a brief rest, by half of a large watermelon. He then took some lemonade and bought some candy, and sat down to wait until his stomach could take in something more. In a little while he was noticed to be uneasy, and soon after that he inquired for a doctor.

"Anything wrong?" asked the stand-keeper.

"Yes; got cholera morbus. How much will it cost me to see a doctor and get a cure?"

"Oh, about two dollars."

"Just what I figured on when I left home—just exactly. I'll have seventy-five cents left, and you hold on to that cocoanut until I get back. I want to finish off on cocoanut."

A Sample of Ignorance.

(Chicago Tribune.)

A gentleman who spent several years teaching gives the following account of a teacher's interview with a boy of about fourteen in a rural district. Other teachers have probably had similar experiences:

"What is your name?"
 "Sam."

"What is the rest of it?"
 "Samuel."

"What is your surname?"
 "Middle name's Hozayer."

"And the last?"
 "Jackson."

"Jackson, then is the name of your parents?"
 "No, mum, 'taint. One of 'em is named Willyum and 'tother one's Mary Jane."

"How old are you?"
 "Dunno."

"What! A boy as large as you don't know his age?"
 "Yesum."

"A boy of your size ought to know the exact year of his birth."

"I do know the year."

"What year was it?"
 "Same year as my sister Harriet."

"Indeed?"
 "Yesum, we're twins."

Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 18, 1885.

At the first Cabinet meeting since the President's return there were but four members. The Secretary of State, Secretary of War, and the Attorney General were absent. Mr. Bayard has taken a ten days leave and it is said he will be a looker on at the Democratic gubernatorial nominating convention in New York. The Cabinet session lasted until nearly three o'clock.

There is no truth in the recent gossip relative to the resignation of the Secretary of the Treasury. The *Quint Vane* had it that Mr. Manning would soon go out of the Cabinet and that Mr. Vane would take his place, and that Mr. Stevenson would be made Post Master General. This story was probably based upon the frequent declaration upon the part of Mr. Manning that he was heartily tired of the duties of the place. This is unquestionably true. Mr. Manning has great difficulty in getting through with the routine work of his place. He hates excessive labor, and if he had had his own way he would never have come to Washington at all. But when he consented to come here it was with the determination that he would stay as long as the President wished him to. He has recently leased a house for three years, and this does not indicate any intention to leave Washington during Mr. Cleveland's Presidential term.

Mr. McConville sixth Auditor at the Treasury a staunch Democrat and a bona fide Civil Service reformer is much annoyed at having his efforts thwarted by the bad and bungling Civil Service Commission. He has made certain changes in his office in the weeding out of incompetent men and has made room for ten new appointments. As a matter of course he appointed Democrats who would be in hearty sympathy with his efforts to reorganize his office and reduce it to a practical business-like basis. He found that he would not be able to make any independent appointments except through the Civil Service Commission. He made a requisition upon the commission for a list of candidates who had passed its examinations. The commission sent him the names of forty candidates, from whom he will be compelled to make his selections.

He found that there was not a single Democrat in the list. He will be obliged to appoint Republicans or make no appointments.

There is a very general complaint against the commission, based upon the ground that they unduly favor Republican applicants. As between a Republican and Democrat applicant they will always pass a Republican, if he is any where near the mark. A Democrat has to pass what is called a premium examination, and even then he is not put in as good a position as if he was a Republican. This Board has, in a number of localities, examined enough Republican applicants to fill vacancies in the various bureaus of the Government for some time to come. It is one of the most unfair and partisan of machines.

The chief of one of the largest Government offices who has charge of nearly three hundred clerks was talking about appointments, discharges and Civil Service examinations. He remarked that a radical and phenomenal change had taken place among the employees of his bureau since the fourth of March, that since then nearly all of his three hundred clerks have been laboring to prove that they are Democrats of the purest and most ancient political pedigree and practice. When called upon to explain how they were appointed and had so long held office under the Republican spoils and machine system, they explained that their cases were exceptions to the general rule. They all have a plausible way of showing that they and their forefathers and brothers-in-law are Democrats. He says that he finds it difficult to discharge a clerk for bad habits, incapacity, or for any of the many causes that would render him unfit for the important work of his office. Just as soon as he gets ready to remove a clerk and make room for a Democrat along comes a Democratic Congressman and insists that the clerk shall be retained. The Congressman will, at the same time, urge the appointment of his particular friend, but when an attempt is made to remove some one to make a vacancy a protest is entered at once. This is the way it goes every day, the official says, and he adds that in three cases when he ordered the removal of worthless Republicans, he had to recant owing to the pressure of Democratic Congressmen, who insist on the retention of Republicans.

The Wheat Loaf.
Good wheat bread and butter is the staff of civilized life. Take away wheat bread and butter from our families for a few generations, and who is prepared to say that civilization would not glide easily to a state of barbarism? There is sound philosophy in this suggestion; because there is no other kind of human food that is so admirably adapted to the development of the human frame, including a noble brain, as good wheat bread. Civilization has seemed to keep pace with the production of wheat, and refined society the world over has seemed to exist corral with the wheat loaf.

We find the lowest order of intelligences standing on a potato. Only one step above this class, another order is found on hoe-cake. One degree above this we meet with the class that has risen in the scale of being as high as it is possible for mortals to rise on a pancake. Head and shoulders above all these classes we find the highest order of intelligences, with large and well-developed brains and noble characters standing securely on their wheat loaf. No other food can excel the wheat loaf, because it furnishes more and better material for the human brain than any other food.

Shanghai Speech.

SHANGHAI, K. Y., Sept. 18, 1885.

Editor Herald:

In looking over the columns of your paper of the 19th of August, I noticed a communication penned by that noisy little end of nothing, who signs his name Rolla. He desires to tell us that the election is over, and he is bursted. Strange that he is so far behind with the news. We all knew that he was bursted when we heard that he was a candidate not recommended by the urbanity of his friends; but by big Rolla himself. Yes, bursted, what he so richly deserved.

It appears that there was only one item that hindered that great pleasure trip from being a delightful occasion, and that was the mean whisky; some that he had not disposed of (Monarch's best) on that great day of judgment, (Aug., 3rd), but mean when it failed to lift him up and set him at least one or two steps over the *Hill*. As Rolla's life is badly spotted with mistakes, you will not be surprised when I tell you that he made his starting point for pleasure at Pattieville, instead of Fordville. Proposing to take the train, a train that we frequently see here, that moves by the power of the horned brutes. The train not being due by an hour, he was seen near the stove corner appearing to be enjoying himself hugely with his friends; but being informed that his old regular of Pattieville had failed to support him, he seemed to think without their votes he was lost, and casting his eyes to the opposite corner he discovered his old supporter. Tears filled his eyes. He hunted for his handkerchief and with a pitiful sigh remembered that he had none. Even a fifteen cent handkerchief would have been gladly received at this critical moment. He could not wait for the train any longer, but started to take his trip on foot. Not a very pleasant one either. After a tremendous struggle with the tears that caused his pathway to be dark and slippery, like the falling of rain in the dust, he approached his favorite, and in tones like that of the broken hearted was heard to exclaim: "O, Sam! Why hast thou forsaken me?" Sam's answer we failed to hear, but the interview was short. Rolla was now satisfied of his defeat, and being so overcome and depressed at heart; he next left to where he could lay his weary head to rest.

But his slumber was only a dream of sad disappointment? Did I say disappointment? Yes. In one of his contents in which he was successful while being congratulated on his success by a friend, he remarked that he did not care for the office, but the five hundred dollars was what he was after. Then it was a sad disappointment indeed. His money making scheme had failed, his political life is over, and his friends are fast deserting him. He reflects over his life of mistakes, for instance, the night of the last Christmas tree, at the Whittinghill school house, where he so politely manifested his cowardice by slipping up behind my back and making it appear to the audience that he was a man of bravery. His heart failed him and he quietly withdrew, pleading for the mountains to fall on him and wipe him from the face of the earth. But he cheers up when he remembers those dear namesakes of his, Dr. Jim and Dr. Jim B. living near Pattieville, whom he loves so dearly and must live forever for their sake. Rolla says that Thomas the Shanghai had amen to his defeat. I may be a little Shanghaiish, but not out of the county. I am here to say that I did say amen to his defeat, and so did nearly three hundred and fifty voters, over one half of the voters of the district; enough at least to put him where he is to-day not an office holder, but an office seeker and can get it. Perhaps you would like to know something of Rolla, since his defeat. He resumes his old occupation, when he can be found, visiting the unlucky victims of disease. But we find from experience, that there another M. D.'s as good as practice, and far superior in principle than he.

THOMAS THE SHANGHAI.

Whisky and Beer.

(Peculiar Medical Journal.)

"A whisky drinker will commit murder only under the direct excitement of liquor; a beer drinker is capable of doing it in cold blood. Long observation has assured us that a large proportion of murders, deliberately planned and executed without passion or malice, with no other motive than the acquisition of property or money, often of trifling value, are perpetrated by beer drinkers.

We believe, further, that the hereditary evil of beer drinking exceeds those proceeding from ardent spirits; first, because the habit is constant and without paroxysmal interruptions which admit of some recuperation; secondly, because beer drinking is practiced by both sexes more generally than the spirit drinking, and thirdly, because the animalizing tendency of the habit is more uniformly developed, thus authorizing the presumption that a vicious results are more generally transmitted.

Seymour on Grant.

The venerable Statesman, Horatio Seymour, has an article on Grant in the October number of the *North American Review*. It is probably the shortest article ever written for the review in the world. Here it is:

"While I was not intimate with General Grant, we were always upon pleasant terms. I held him in high regard. His words on his death-bed, like his deeds upon battlefields, served his country. They strengthened our Union by promoting good-will between all sections. HORATIO SEYMOUR."

The confusion about "Mexican Politics" in the minds of her next-door neighbors will perhaps receive some relief from an article in the forthcoming *Harper's Magazine* on this subject, with portraits of some of the present political leaders of Mexico.

Itch and Scratches of every kind Cured in 30 Minutes by Woodford's Sanitary Lotion. Use no other. This never fails. Sold by 10 32 1/2 yr. Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro.

Brave Hearts.

The benefactors of the world, the true heroes among men, have never faltered, no matter how unhelpful their cause or gloomy their pathway appeared to others. They may have been assailed by envy and slander; may have been misunderstood or misinterpreted; but, clear within themselves with the light of truth, conscious of their moral power, and recognizing that earnestness and continuity will finally prevail over all things, they have moved on serenely and unflinchingly to a final acknowledgment and mastery among men.

Martin Luther, John Howard and George Washington faced death and martyrdom, but remained steadfast in purpose and action. All such are brave hearts, and—

A brave heart is a specimen of human nobility: Such hearts are Nature's noblemen—Her royal family.

Patriots, reformers, martyrs brave Are a real kingdom's race: For them, oblivion's not the grave—In history, in glory they blaze.

Indeed, brave hearts never die—

They live to brighten man's gloom—

To point to glory in the sky—

To save from sin's dark doom!

—W. H. CUNDEE.

Text Books.

The following text books have been selected and recommended for the common schools of Kentucky, by the State Board of Education, Jos. Desha, Pickett, President of the Board:

WHITE SCHOOLS.

American Primer—By W. J. Davis, Louisville.

Spellers—Butler's, Eclectic, or Independent.

Penmanship—Payson, Dutton, and Scribner's, Spencerian, or Eclectic.

Written Arithmetic—Ray's, Peck's, Olney's, Mental Arithmetic—Rays, Stoddard's, or Robinson's, Fish's, Complete, for either.

Grammar—Butler's, Harvey's, or Murch's.

Composition—Bonnell's, Swinton's, or Harvey's Language Lessons.

Geography—Monteith's, Mitchell's, Eclectic, or Colton's.

Maps—Mitchell's New Outlines.

History—Venable's, Henry's, or Eclectic United States.

Laws of Health—Eclectic Physiology, or Steele's Hygienic Physiology.

Primary Dictionary—Webster's.

Each district was recommended to procure either a copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary or the Academic Dictionary, as the standard in Orthography, Etymology, and Etymology.

School Record—John P. Morton & Co.'s, or Kentucky School Record, published by Major, Johnston & Barrett, Frankfort.

COLORED SCHOOLS.

American Primer—By W. J. Davis, Louisville.

Spellers—Butler's, Eclectic, or Independent.

Penmanship—Butler's.

Written Arithmetic—Towne's, Mental Arithmetic—Towne's.

Grammar—Butler's.

Composition—Bonnell's First Lessons.

Geography—Eclectic Series.

Maps—Mitchell's New Outlines.

History—Venable's United States.

Laws of Health—Eclectic Physiology, or Steele's Hygienic Physiology.

Primary Dictionary—Webster's.

School Record—John P. Morton & Co.'s, or Kentucky School Record, published by Major, Johnston & Barrett, Frankfort.

Attention is specially directed to 3 1/2, Art. IV, Common School Laws.

J. W. W. Reed, druggist, of Winchester, Ind., writes: "One of my customers, Mrs. Louisa Pike, Barton, Randolph Co., Ind., was a long sufferer with Consumption, and was given up to die by her physicians. She heard of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, and began buying it of me. In six months' time she walked to this city, a distance of six miles, and is now so much improved she has quit using it. She feels she owes her life to it."

Free trial bottle at Griffin & Bro., drug store.

Never Give Up.

If you are suffering with low and depressed spirits, loss of appetite, general debility, disordered blood, weak constitution, headache, or any disease of a bilious nature, by all means procure a bottle of Electric Bitters. You will be surprised to see the rapid improvement that will follow; you will be inspired with new life; strength and activity will return; pain and misery will cease, and henceforth you will rejoice in the praise of Electric Bitters. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by Griffin & Bro.

Miraculous Escape.

W. W. Reed, druggist, of Winchester, Ind., writes: "One of my customers, Mrs. Louisa Pike, Barton, Randolph Co., Ind., was a long sufferer with Consumption, and was given up to die by her physicians. She heard of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, and began buying it of me. In six months' time she walked to this city, a distance of six miles, and is now so much improved she has quit using it. She feels she owes her life to it."

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The young man who knows how to lay off corn and cotton rows, and to regulate the distance of the same so as to get the largest crops, is worth a cowpen full of nice, kid gloved, fancy overcoated fellows, who may know how to lead the german or caper around at a fashionable waltz. Siding cotton, setting plow just right and adjusting gears so that shoulders and backs of horses will never hurt, are worth a thousand-fold more to the country than knowing how to pose in a parlor, or to adjust the shade of the cravat to the complexion of the wearer.

Don't Look Like a Wreck.

"When a man is going down hill every body is ready to give him a kick." Yes that is so. It is said, but natural. Why, man a man and woman, seeking employment, would have got it if their hair hadn't been so thin and gray. One bottle of Parker's Hair Balm is the best investment. It stops falling hair, promotes new growth and restores color. Clean, highly perfumed, not a dye. A great improvement over any similar preparation, and sold at the low price of 50c. 38 ct

Fits!

All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. 11 19 1/2 yr.

GLASS HOUSES.

"They who live in Glass Houses Should Mind How They Cast Stones."

It is amusing to see how tender-footed certain blood remedy promoters have become of late. They make much ado about "cures and initiators" when none are in sight.

The proprietors of B. B. B. would say most emphatically that their remedy stands upon its own merit. Should we attempt to initiate, it would not be those who do not understand the modus operandi of that which they offer. Our own long experience in the profession precludes such an idea. The field for blood remedies is large and broad, affording ample room for all present aspirants. We do not desire to close the door against others neither shall it be closed against us. B. B. B. is the quickest remedy, does not contain mineral or vegetable poison, does not initiate, and is in the field as an honorable competitor for public favor, and its success is without a parallel. 35 ct

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt its duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y. 11 3 cow ly

Immunity from Annoyance.

The following is a list of soldiers, originally from Kentucky, who fell at the battle of the Alamo, Texas. The heirs of either of them can learn something of great interest by addressing the editor of the HERALD:

Smith Johnson, Joshua Caldwell, Allen Haldeman, John H. H. Rogers, Charles D. Shaw, Joseph H. Owen, Jacob Betts, 27 1/2 Augustus N. Kinchloe.

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Harper's Magazine.

ILLUSTRATED.

1885.

With the new volume, beginning in December, Harper's Magazine will conclude its thirty-fifth year. The oldest periodical of its type, it is yet, in each new volume, a new magazine, and simply because it presents fresh subjects and new pictures, but also, and chiefly, because it steadily advances in the method itself of magazine-making. In a word, the Magazine becomes more and more the faithful mirror of current life and movement. Leading features in the attractive program for 1885 are: new serial novels by Constance Fenimore Woodson and W. D. Howells; a new novel illustrated by F. M. Millet; R. Swain Gilford; E. A. Abbey; H. Wilson and others; Goldsmith's "The Stranger to Conquer," illustrated by Abbey; important papers on Art, Science, etc.

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The last eleven Semi-annual Volumes of Harper's Magazine in new cloth binding, will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of \$3.00 per volume. Cloth cases for binding, 50 cents each—by mail, postpaid.

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